

The Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS:

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POETRY.

From the New Haven Register.

We republish the following good old song of Jefferson and Liberty, as particularly appropriate at this time, when the country has just emerged from a contest as important in its results, as was that of 1800, in the triumph of Jefferson. "Aside from the pious spirit, which is breathed in every line, there is a harmony in the versification, and a richness in the good old tune, that makes it highly pleasing to republican ears, and we hope every democrat will preserve a copy, learn the tune, & be ready to swell the chorus, at the first democratic festival. To such persons as are anxious to get up a procession with war with natural citizens, we particularly recommend it."

Jefferson & Liberty.

The gloomy night before us lies,
The reign of terror now is o'er—
Its rage, its horrors, and its spies,
Its herds of harpies no more.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To Tyrants never bent the knee!
But join with heart and soul and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty!

O'er vast Columbia's varied clime,
Her cities, forests, shores and dales,
In rising majesty sublime,
Immortal Liberty prevails.

Hail long expected, glorious day!
Hail Freedom's banner now is o'er—
That Freedom's banner from decay,
Rebuilds for millions yet unborn.

Within its hallowed walls, immense,
No hateful bands shall e'er arise,
Array'd in tyranny's defence,
To crush an injured people's cries.

No lordling here, with gorging jaws,
Shall wring from industry its food;
No fiery bigot's holy laws,
Lay waste our fields and streets in blood.

Here strangers from a thousand shores,
Compelled by Tyranny to roam,
Shall find amidst abundant stores,
A nother and a happier home.

Here Art shall lift her laurel's head,
Wealth, Industry, and Peace divine;
And where dark pathless forests spread,
Rich fields and lofty cities shine.

From Europe's wants and woes remote,
A dreary waste of waves between,
Here plenty cheers the humble cot,
And smiles on every village green.

Here free as air's expanded space,
To every soul and sect shall be
That sacred privilege of our race,
The worship of the deity.

These gifts, great Liberty! are thine;
Ten thousand more we owe to thee,
Immortal may their memories shine,
Who fought and died for liberty.

What heart but hails a scene so bright,
What soul but inspiration draws!
Who would not guard so dear a right,
Or die in such a glorious cause?

Let foes to freedom dread the name,
But should they touch the sacred tree,
Millions of patriot swords shall flame,
For Jefferson and Liberty!

From Florida to Lake Champlain,
From Maine to the Pacific shore,
The sons of freedom loud proclaim;
The reign of Whiggery o'er!

Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
To tyrants never bent the knee,
Rejoice with heart and hand and voice,
For JAMES K. POLK and Liberty!

EDITORS.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact, that editors work for a living just as other people do. One would suppose, to hear the abuse heaped on news paper writers, that they were species of monsters, committing all sorts of mischief for mischief's sake. Editors are public property. Every loafer in every three cent grogery in town allows his tongue to run at random about men personally unknown to him; and who would not know him for half the world's treasury, as though they were intimate acquaintances. A nasty feeling of envy prompts every thick-headed upstart to venture his crude opinion upon the merits of the editors, to expatiate on their private characters, to point out their weakness, take exceptions to their dress, ridicule their manners, and lie away their reputation. All the while these unfortunate are writing away in corners of printing offices, drawing on their brains to fill their stomachs, day after day, from the year's beginning to its end, taking their seats at the old desks, toiling for bread. The mechanic has his proper time in which to do specified work, and when it is completed, the critical eyes of the employer or alone can scan it. But the editor does every thing in haste, and all that he accomplishes passes under the cold, fault seeking eyes of the public. Some men, too magnumanimous to bestow censure alone, do indeed award praise; but the mass love to find fault. It does greatly them to get a chance to abuse an editor, and no poor scribbler ever escapes the venom of their tongue. Then, because he happens to be an editor, his private affairs are a legitimate subject for public comment. He happens to have some domestic troubles—forthwith they are noised abroad.

The old maid, doubling her hand in the lap bowl at the tea table, tells the company all about the sorrows of poor Mrs. So-and-so, without knowing the origin or the right or wrong of the matter. Or if the editor possesses taste enough to dress with marked plainness, in these days of empty show, when the human robes wear the finest coats, the inquiry is instantly started whether Mr. — is not dissipated? What can he do with his money? It never occurs to these very curious people that the victim of this malicious remark may have some claims on his heart more powerful than all the haberdashery temptations of Broadway—that young sisters or brothers, or it may be a widowed mother, look to him in his honest manhood, and do not look vain. These excellent gabblers do not allow themselves to suppose for a moment that their ill-natured and continued backbiting has its origin in a miserable spirit of envy. Why, an editor has a free admission to all places of public amusement—occasionally he has a seat at some spread—oftentimes he gets a bow from a great man. What a fortunate fellow! and then, too, he appears in type, his name is at the head of the first column of a paper, or looks down in all the pomp of capitals, from the top of a magazine article. To the vulgar eyes of ignorance these are privileges and honors of great value, and yet their possessors do not value them a fig, would give them all, and more, for that obscurity which shuts out from the humble hut of the peasant, the prying eyes whose revelation set in motion the distracting tongue.—N. Y. Sun day Times.

A country lad having just entered a literary institution in one of our eastern towns was viewing the curiosities of the different shops, and happened to step into a book store. After gazing about for a time, wondering at the vast amount of books piled upon the shelves, he asked the book seller, a man of high feelings, what he kept for sale there. The reply was, "nonsense." The boy turning to leave, replied, "I guess you have a poor assortment! I don't see but one."

An Irishman said he did not come to this country for want. He had abundance of that in his own country. The chap is right.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLIND ALICE."

"Come Ellen, we have two hours to ourselves, let us once more take our favorite walk."

The speaker Grace Wilnot had seen her seventeen summers, yet already her heart had strayed from the home in which her infancy was cradled, and this day she was to go forth from its quiet scenes into the world, with him whom she had chosen for her guide. Though the May sun was scarce an hour high, she was already attired for her bridal, and may be seen in the frontispiece, as she appeared on this, the most eventful morning of her life.

Over a full skirt of muslin, she wears a bodice of satin with stomacher and falling trails of lace. The veil which floats around her form is confined to her head by a wreath of orange flowers, beneath which her hair falls upon her neck in its own natural ringlets. Beside her kneeling form stands her sister Ellen, whose classic features time has thrown a deeper shadow. Ten years older than Grace, Ellen had at her age indulged the same bright hopes which now gladdened her; but they had been suddenly and forever darkened.

The grave had closed over the form which was associated with all her imaginings of life, and Ellen awoke from the first stupefaction of grief to feel that henceforth she lived, not for herself or for the present, but for the friends whom her abandonment to sorrow would afflict, and for the blissful hereafter promised to those who endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Gradually the rose returned to her cheek, and the smile to her lip, but the one had never bloomed so vividly, nor the other been so joyous as in days of yore. She was, in fact, as if ever, in the assemblies of the young and gay, but her presence was the sunlight of her father's home, and it was no uncommon observation, such as visitors that it would be a pleasure to go to the paragon, if it were only to see Ellen Wilnot's sweet face and to receive her cheerful, kindly greeting.

Grace had but a dim, shadowy remembrance of her mother's voice and step for they had vanished from her home when she was scarce five years old. Ellen had never assumed over her younger sister a mother's authority, but she had watched with a mother's interest the unfolding of her mind, and heart, & shielded her with maternal care from the very touch of sorrow.

Mr. Wilnot's feelings toward this youngest darling, who had lost so early a mother's love, which nothing can replace were peculiarly tender. In Ellen he confided; she was his loved companion as well as his child, but little Grace, as she had continued to be called, when almost as tall as her sister, was a pet lamb, to be fondled and cherished, to be sheltered in his very heart, and preserved, if possible, in her childhood innocence and lovingness from a chilling and corrupting world. Grace repaid with the warmest affection, the tenderness of her father and sisters.

Mr. Wilnot was a clergyman and the reverence for his sacred office which mingled somewhat of awe with the love of his children; checked even in the heedless Grace the complete outpouring of her thoughts and feelings; but from her sister Ellen nothing was withheld, and long before the artless girl suspected aught in her own feelings to Philip Ellerslie, which she might have hesitated to reveal, Ellen had recognized in them the love whose disappointment had clouded her life. To Mr. Wilnot it had been a painful surprise when he was asked to sanction his daughter's engagement, but a child, as she seemed to him, he saw that her heart had been already bestowed on him who now sought her hand, and whose character and prospects in life left him no just reason for disapproval.

Philip Ellerslie was a young lawyer whose talents and application had already gained him high eucumiums, and whose generous support of his widowed mother and sister—parishoners of Mr. Wilnot—spoke volumes of his moral excellence. He had commenced the practice of his profession in a distant

city, and thither most Grace remove with him on her marriage, from the home which had been that of her whole life—for Mr. Wilnot possessing an independent fortune, and true christian humanity, had neither been impelled by his necessities nor tempted by his ambition from the simple flock to whom he had first broken the bread of life, and who so loved him, that to them truth came welcome from his lips. The country round the parsonage, for it was in the country, was beautiful and picturesque and one of Mr. Wilnot's recreations had been to bestow on its grounds those adornments which his taste suggested and his health permitted. Walks had been opened to points of peculiar beauty. Some of these walks were graveled and kept by the gardener as carefully as those which seemed his more immediate charge. To one of these it was that Grace now invited her sister. Taking a basket on her arm Ellen said "we will gather some flowers as we go for your bouquet." Linked arm in arm the sisters proceeded through the garden, and passing through its gate in the rear, entered a grove in which nature had been left uncontrolled,—the walk winding hither and thither, wherever it could find unobstructed space. The trees were just opening their leafy folds to the balmy breath of May. Some scarce ventured to peep forth from their covering of russet brown, and others wearing their first delicate tinge of green. From this grove the walk soon emerged into the clear sunlight. In this open space, the sisters had bordered it with their favorite flowers. Here were the bright Crocus, the modest Snow-drop and the Lily of the valley, emblem of purity—with very slender petals gemmed with the dews of morning.

Ellen stopped to fill her basket—Grace to cast a look of lingering love at a scene linked with many a dear remembrance of her happy childhood, and her youth. Beside her, from a green knoll toward a lofty oak beneath whose shadow she had sported with companions as joyous as herself, through many a summer evening. Before her lay the small lake or pond at which the walk terminated. Never had it looked levelled, than now its waters lay sparkling in the sunbeams, except at its eastern shore, where verdant hills which almost encircled it cast their darkening shadow on its clear tide.

From these most distant objects Grace turned to the flowers at her feet, and stooped to search among them for a treasure—a violet, she had scarcely begun to find. It was Ellen's favorite flower and from her childhood Grace had watched the opening of the first violet, that she might bear it to her sister in offering of love. And this year, for that pleasure shall be hers—for see she holds the little purple flower which has just begun to unfold its petals and binding its delicate stem to a cluster of lilies of the valley, she offers it to Ellen, exclaiming, "See, dear Ellen; your own flower? is it not an omen of good that I should have found it this morning—does it not tell us that we cannot be wholly parted while we have the memory of the past, and even a simple flower can awake so many thoughts of love? Wear this to-day dear Ellen, and then put it carefully by, and promise me to look at it once every day, and think that I am with you, though you do not see me."

"Nay, my own Grace, dwelling in the home of our childhood, where every object is associated with you and talk of you will season every meal. I need no such memento—but in the new home to which you go you will speak to you of Ellen? what tree or flower which we have loved and nursed together shall awaken tender memories of her in your heart? Do you take those flowers, my beloved Grace—fitting emblems are they of the simple and pure affections of your early home, look at them often, and oh! my treasured sister, may the memories with which they are linked preserve you from the influence of the false, the heartless and the vain."

A fellow wishing to insult a clergyman pretended to be drunk. Swagging round, he repeated several times, "I never get drunk except in godly company." "And do you wish to know the reason?" said the minister. "It is because there you have all the drink to yourself."

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

A naval officer, who some time ago came to reside in Elmburg, having previously engaged a large mansion on a short lease, despatched his butler to receive his furniture, and have the house put in order. The butler engaged a young woman residing in the neighborhood, to clean out the rooms and arrange part of the furniture, and he assisted her himself to carry up a large chest of rather singular appearance. This gigantic box his master had purchased as a curiosity; but unlike that described in the song of the "Mistle Bough," it did not shut, but opened with a spring attached to the lock; which being touched, the lid flew open, and a tall brawny Highland man, in full costume, stood erect, and struck out his right arm, in which was a wooden sword.

The gentleman had purchased it as a curious piece of mechanism, and was wont to amuse his children with it.

"That's a heavy chest," said a woman, as they placed it on the floor.

"Yes," answered the butler, who was a wag of the first water, "there's something in it, that's certain; but there's something mysterious about it also, for though the key hangs at the end of it, no one is allowed to open it."

"Did you ever see the inside of it?" replied she, walking round it.

"Never," said he, "it's as much as any of our places is worth even to speak about it."

So saying, the knight of the cork screw looked first at the woman, then at the chest, then on the floor, and then retired slowly down the stairs whistling, to work on the ground floor. The girl proceeded to put things to rights in the room; but every time she passed the chest she thought it looked more odd. "Fratally, thy name is woman!" she rapped on the lid with her knuckles, had a curious, hollow sound—very!—And none of the servants had dared to open it! What on earth could it contain? Well it was none of her business, so she went diligently to work for five minutes, at the end of which time she saw herself standing, with her arms akimbo gazing on the chest. "It can do no harm to look into it," thought she; so she quietly took the key from the nail and applied it to the lock. Of course she heard footsteps on the stairs—every one will do when afraid of detection in the commission of some crime which to keep secret. Again she regained confidence, and returned to the chest; she stooped and turned the key. Up flew the lid; and the wooden Highlander in full armor, and phibg sprang on his legs with more than human agility, and fetched the petrified girl a sharp whack across the shoulder with the flat of his "Andrea Ferrara." A prolonged shriek, ending in a moan of despair, indicated that the poor woman had sought relief in a swoon.

In the course of a few moments the woman rose on her elbow, looking wildly around the room, till her eyes caught the Highlander bending over her. "Seeing nothing but destruction awaiting her, two springs took her to the door, down stairs she went, nor did she slack on her pace till she found herself standing in the house of a lady in the neighborhood. The poor woman did not recover from her fright for several days.

For Every Body.—Let the business of every body else alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study even to make leisure hours useful; think twice before you spend a shilling; remember you will have another to make for ill-fated recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy low; sell fair, and take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error trace it out; should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, but never fly the track; confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should even fail in the struggle, you will be honored; but shrink from the task and you will be despised.

What was this world made for but enjoyment? Then "go it while you're young, for when you're old you can't."

The Way of the World—"He's dead?"

How frequently is that brief but admonitory sentence interferred with out exciting any but the most transient emotion—without awakening a deeper or more permanent reflection than the next passing thought will entirely obliterate from the mind! Two friends shall usually meet after a temporary separation, and inquire after a third and mutual friend. "He's dead?" is the melancholy and impressive rejoinder. If men of business, perhaps he also was one who entered largely into their speculations—all their worldly mind schemes of aggrandizement—yet he's dead!—The intelligence is received with an exclamation of surprise—a significant shake of the head—a sensation nearly allied to pity and regret; but it is not heard "as if an angel spoke," and as time passes they hurry off without further comment to their respective counting houses, where the unexpected information of the rise in sugars—the depression of the money market—the failure of some great house in which they had placed implicit confidence, or some equally vital and important affair, demands their immediate attention—totally absorbs their minds, and they entirely forget that they have just heard in echo of their own inevitable doom.

Locality has strong power, whatever may be argued to the contrary, in recalling impressions, and every wounded heart may tell how insupportable the scene becomes where it has been blessed, and where it is blessed no more. The abstract of pain or pleasure is within us in all places, at all times; but its portrait, its vivid reflection lies pictured in the places and in the objects where our feelings have been stretched on the rack whether of pleasure or pain.

Causes of the Decrease of Marriage.—I'll tell you why young ladies do not go off so frequently as formerly. They are too nice, and too proud, &c. I know a young lady—not very young now indeed—who to my certain knowledge, has refused nine offers!

One because the gentleman could not keep a carriage.

Another, because he could not speak the French language.

A third, because he knew nothing of Italian operas.

A fourth, because he stooped in his shoulders.

A fifth, because he had not fortune enough.

A sixth, because he was a tradesman.

A seventh, because he was a tobacco chewer.

The eighth because he was too bashful in company.

Ninth, because he wore spectacles.

EDUCATION.

Education is to the mind, what fire and labor of arts is to the native ear, it brings out its latent powers and capabilities, giving strength, brilliancy and fitness to its quality and an infinite versatility of application we do not now mean the machine made scholar, milled through a limited number of old Latin sentences, but that unchaining of man's immortality which gives a freedom to the spirit, a scope and power to the soul that wings the eternity of science & unfolds the pages of nature with such certainty and clearness, as to make the world ashamed that it had not seen the truth before. What is more neglected, what more sparingly paid, than the department of school instruction? Yet the influence of the few who, unseen by the public eye, toil upon the true principles of their vocation; make the whole land glad with the brightening dawn of intellectual light.

Wasn't this a capital hint? "Recollect, sir," said a tavern keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying his reckoning, "recollect, sir; if you lose your purse; you didn't pull it out here!"

A lover calls his mistress a jewel shop of delight, and a healing plaster for pain in the breast.

A negro fellow the other day got himself into trouble by marrying to wives. A great many white men do the same by marrying one.

